ON MULE BACK TO PEROTE.

FROM SALAPA TO THE TOWER OF

What the Bospitable Alcade Set Be-The His American Guests Cigar-. . es, Garlle, and Tortillas - An Apothcostred Quadruped-The President and Archbishop's Teams.

JAYAPA, MEXICO, Oct. 19, 1885,-Among the many delightful excursions that may be made from Jalapa, one of the most chara-ing—because not wholly devoid of danger is a horseback ride to Perote, which famous village lies a score of miles away, at the foct of the snow-capped "Cofre," To speak with strict truthfulness, Betsy and I take most of our boundback rides on harris...the slow but sure footed Mexican donkeys. One snow becomes affectionately attached to the patient little creature that has carried one safely over dangerous trails and slippery steeps, sad feels a sense of security upon his back, with feet almost touching the ground, which is scarcely possible on a tell, high-steeping borse. From the owilike look of philosophic meditation which each burro wesrs upon his countenance under all circumstances, we have dubbed him the Nexican "Bird of Wisdom;" and certainly he would more appropriately appear upon the national escutcheon than that snake-caling engle, of whose species there are noise to be found in Mexico. Here the donkey predominates, as to numbers, over the equine race, a hundred to one; and without him Mexico would be as unlike herself as the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. In the capital and other cosmopolitan cities, some of the finest horses in the world are seen; but even in these places "blooded" burros are of equal value, and afely over dangerous tralls and slippery

the world are seen; but even in these places "blooded" burros are of equal value, and preferred for many purposes.

The archbishop (who is still supreme autocrat, despite the political decadence of Romish power) takes his daily alrings behind four ellipsed mules, and at the appearance of their well-known mouse-hued backs and scrub-brush manes the populace fall upon their knees, without waiting to observe whether the carriage is occupied by anybody but the coachman. The inaughty bishops of Guadalajava, Michoacan, Zacateess, and Linures—all very "swell" dignitaries of great wealth—ride behind spans of fancy burros; and it is seldem indeed that one sees any of the Catholic clergy in this country either on or behind a horse. Probably this priestly partiality for donkeys originated in the belief that Christ made all His journeys upon them—from the flight His journeys upon them—from the flight into Egypt in His mother's arms to His tri-umphant entry into Jerusalem. THE PRESIDENT'S MULE TEAM.

Be that as it may, the president of Mexico is the proud possessor of the linest pair of mules on the continent, and the most beautiful senora at the capital (the wife of a prominent official) daily displays her dainty

prominent official) daily displays her dainty dresses and sparkling jewels on the fashionable passe, in an open landeau drawn by milk-white burros, with red roses fastened at the base of their expressive ears, and goldmounted harness glittering in the sun.

The country burros, unlike their pampered city cousins, lead tolisome lives that are a continuous round of blows, kicks, and hard usage. The poorest Indian can afford a donkey, which will work faithfully, till death claims him, on such meager fare as accutal leaves, old shoes, tin cans, &c. The raw and bleeding back of the average burro, the mountainous loads that are habitually gilled upon him till only his nose and fect are visible, and the constant abuse, which is his only reward for patient servitude, lead one to fervently pray that if the theory of transmigration of sonis be true the gods may preserve us from a future life in that form.

"Velicame, Dieas" (Protect me, God.)

of transmigration of souls be true the gods may preserve us from a future life in that form.

"Valgame, Dias!" (Protect me, God!) "What women are the Americans!" remerked our gallant host, Don Jesus Juan, of the Hotel Veracmzana, when we set out on the long journey from Jalana to Perote; and we left him wrestling with the problem why we had not preferred our ease at his inn to such a laborious pligrimage which had only sight-seeing for an incentive. The youthful nephew of Mme, Juan and two statiwart, well-armed mozos (servants) acted as eicerones; and thus escorted, with sundry letters of recommendation from bishop and president in our pockets, as an open sessure to all doors along the route, we felt as secure as even in our own parlors.

Leaving the flowery land of fruits and paims, we rapidly ascended the mountain spurs among volcanic debris to wild plains darkened by a melancholy race of pines and aloes. Soon the templada region of oaks and liquid amber was left behind, and we entered the therra fria (cold zone), to which climatic belt most of the central table-lands belong. Anou we found ourselves among the clouds, a cold, drizzling rain filling the air and drenching us to the skin. "Ave Maria Purtssima" que venga el soi" (Holy Virgin! send us the sun), fervently muttered our mozos, a pelition which we earnestly echoed. Emerging at

vently muttered our mozes, a petition which we earnestly echoed. Emerging at length into the old Spanish highway, well paved with basal; we entered upon most magnificent scenery. Through the vapors, spread out like some vast sea below us, the tops of distant mountains peer like islands; and the stupendous cascade at our right, efter a tumble of several hundred feet straight down the mountain side, rushed ahead, as if leading the way, and plunged into the vapory ocean. length into the old Spanish highway, well

At hast Las Vegas was reached—the village described by Humboldt as occupying the highest point between the guif and the City of Mexico. All the houses in this elevated neighborhood—unlike the cane and adole huts of the tropical valleys—arc of pine logs, each tree furnishing but one piece of timber, several inches thick. These, roughly hewn and closely fitted, remind one of primitive days in Now England, or new towns in our own northwest; while the shingle roofs and puncheon floors—unlike any others in Mexico—carry out the illusion. To add to thoughts of home, jays and chickadees—birds of the temperate zore—fluttered around us, and for the first time in the cactus country we saw the honest IN THE LAND OF THE SKY. cone—fluttered around us, and for the first time in the cactus country we saw the honest face of a yellow dandellon. As the houses indicate colder weather in this "land of the sky," so the people plainly show the change of climate, being a more hardy and ener-getic race than the denizens of those sandy plains that skirt the sea.

It being now nearly noon—the usual breakfast hour in Mexico—we decided to avail ourselves of the hospitality bespoken in our billetes de recommendacion, and to uvite ourselves—a la grenus tramp—to pur-

avail ourseives of the hospitality bespoken in our billetes de recommendacion, and to invite curseives—a la genus tramp—to partake of some kind soul's bounty. The alcade having been particularly mentioned, his house was speedily found; and, after considerable flourish of credentials on our part and manifest suspicions on his that we might be banditti in disguise, that worthy officer invited us to dismount, swung wide the door of his casa, and bade us enter. It was now our turn for suspicion, as it is well known that most of the rancheros, and even many of the petty officials in these remote districts, are in league with the "gentlemen of the road." Not a fortnight tefore the diligencia had been stopped by robbers, about twenty miles further down the valley, and the passengers ordered to alight, and boca-boxa—throw themselves on their noses. No Mexican ever ventures upon these roads without being armed to the teeth, yet they never-dream of resisting the robbers, but meekly throw themselves on their noses when ordered to.

In a country where justice is soldom ob-

In a country where justice is seldom ob-tained, but where injustice can any day be bought, and where law exists but in name, bought, and where law exists but in mane, it is not to be wondered at that such out-rages are submitted to by a demoralized people, who prefer any other means of getring a living than by honest work. In reality an insatiable passion for gambling is at the bottom of this national cvil. Men of all ranks have been known to resort to the road to relieve their temporary embarrassments, the result of gambling, and numerous instances in high life may be efted where such parties have been detected, resements, the result of gamoning, and numerous histances in high life may be cited where such parties have been detected, notwithstanding the black masks they always wear. It is not often, however, that such are brought to justice, for here, as elsewhere, punishment for crimes is principally confined to the lower classes; but smong the rare cases was that of Col. Yares, aid-de-camp to Santa Anna, who was garroted a few years ago, at the capital, for the robbery and murder of the Swiss consul.

THE AUTOCHAT OF LAS VEGAS. But to return to the autograf of La Vegas, whom we so unceremoniously de-serted at the door of his casa. The office of alcald corresponds most nearly to that of mayor in the United States, except that the former, in out-of-the-way localities,

is almost absolute ruler of his section. There being no other authority at hand, he not only acts himself up as judge and jury in settling disputes, but takes if upon himself to determine whether travelers may pass through his territory at all, and miny a lucktess touriet, whose business has not been sufficiently explained (or the explanation accompanied by a satisfactory bonus) has been turned beek in his course and compelled to make a wide detour around the domain of some obdurate autocrat. The aleaded of Lax Vegas was gorgeously attired in sky-blue breeches, rulled calico shirt, worn with "flaps" flapping outside, gayly-striped zerape (blanket) infrown over one shoulder, and enormously-limmed sombrero, which appeared to have grown upon his head, as during all our stay he made no attempt to remove it.

Having been duly impressed by the nugust signatures allized to our credentials, we brend him issuing commands to half a dozen rugged servants as to the menu; and this accomplished, he returned with the mistress of the manse, who had incontinently flown at our approach. The senora—a genile creature, whose weight must have tern near three hundred pounds—had to be half drugged in by the lord and master, lut once inside her shyness suidenly disappeared, and, with a laugh, she sat down upon a petate (straw hat) and invited us to do likewise. There being no chairs in the case—authing but puncheon benches ranged around the table—we cheerfully settled curselves beside her, though the apartment was occupied conjointly by a most sociable colony of degs and chickens, while a couple of lem pigs and several goats wandered in act on the bosom of her gown, our engaging bostess tendered us each a eigarette of her own rolling; and, while we endeavored to perform manfully the smoking act, which politeness required, the lady—her bushfulness unfortunately vanished—proceeded to handle curiously every article of our appared, "seen and unseen." Our buttoned boots excited her special enthusisms, and in the cestacy of admiration she wo PREPARING THE PEAST.

PREVABING THE PEAST.

Meantime the servants were skurrying wildly to and fro under orders from the alcade, while the increased odor of garlle and loud spatting of tortillas (thin cakes, made of crushed corn molded between the hards) announced that breakfast was approaching, and presently the lord of the manor, with sombreto still upon his head, waved us graudly to his bospitable board. The senora, being too broad for the space between bench and table, was forced to sit with her back to the festive spread; but candur compels me to confess that, barring her back hair, her duties as hostess were most satisfactorily (to us) performed in that unusual position, because she indulged in neither knife, fork, nor spoon, but insisted upon helping us to everything within reach with her own tolacco-discolored fingers. Possibly the bill of fare might not baye tempted epicures at home, but, thanks to balik and the long ride, we were not have tempted opicures at home, but thanks to habit and the long ride, we were caabled to do justice to the yands. A WONDERFUL MENU.

cnabled to do justice to the visuds.

A WONDSHPUL, MENU.

First, there was the inevitable caldo (broth)—hot water flavored with grease, garlie, chili-pepper, rand brass) spoons, served in teacups; sopa, the invariable second course—rice, cooked in oil and seasoned with chili; a dish of fat meal bolled with various sceds and vegetables; tortillas not from the griddle—of course, without butter; frejoles (red beams), stewed in grease and esten with cheese or curdled goat's milk; and strong black coflee, without milk or sugar. Looking out upon miles of uncultivated country, where anything would grow if planted, I asked the alcalde why his neighbors made no gardens, "Quien sabe!" he replied, with a shrug of surprise, "Con maiz y chill no falta mada"—who wants more than corn and chill?

After the repast other villainous cigarettes must per force be smoked, and the shadows of afternoon were alarmingly long before the hospitable dignitary could be induced to order our donkeys and permit us to depart. His worthy spouse, grateful for sundry little gifts, stood sideways in the wide door—being too expansive to stand otherwise—and gave us many parting injunctions to "tener mucho cul-adod de loss caballeros det camins"—to keep a sharp lookout for "gentlemen of the road;" and amid many affectionate allos we turned our faces toward the Cafre, that loomed like a sheeted ghost before us.

On THE PLAIN OF PEROTE.

Two hours later found us within the plain

ON THE PLAIN OF PEROTE.

Two hours later found us within the plain of Perote, which, level as an ocean, is bounded by hills on every side. One one hand towers the majestic peak of Orizaba, and on the other that celebrated mountain of basaltic porphery which upholds the gigantic "cofre" (chest) of Aztec tradition; while in the midst of the plain rises the cone of Tepiacusica, and in the distance a series of snow-topped mountains outline the horizon. All these plains were once the basins of former lakes, now dry and arid, and for miles not a trace of human habitation is to be seen. Just before entering the village of Perote the road runs through a narrow cannon which from time immemorial has been so robber-infested that it is now ON THE PLAIN OF PEROTE.

willing of Perote the road runs through a narrow cannon which from time immemorial has been so robber-infested that it is now like a graveyard, lined with hundreds of black crosses, the murdered having been buried where they fell.

All the houses of the town present to the street a blank wall of stone or adobe, with no windows at all, but frequent loop-holes for guns. Each case has only one entrance—a wide portal which is always carefully closed, barred, and guarded—leading to the inner court, around which the rooms are builded. This style of architecture proves that each man's house must indeed be his castle, and inclines the stranger to get within one as soon as possible. Not many years ago this village was a cladel of vagabondism, the headquarters of all manner of villainy, in which it was unsafe for decent people to stir out of doors even at midday. Even now, in these more peaceful days, the streets at dark are as deserted as those of eceple to stir out of doors even at midday. Even now, in these more peaceful days, the streets at dark are as deserted as those of Pempeii, and the population are barred within their cheerless dwellings—except the ragged ladrones (thieves), who skulk about beneath the shadows of huge sombreros, each with pistols, dagger, or mechant tucked conveniently under his blanket, watching for plunder.

THE CASTLE OF SAN CARLOS. A few rods north of the town stands the fomous castle of San Carlos, which is to Mexico what the "Tower" has been to England. The huge, square fort, with most and glacis, was built in the best style of last century fortifications, but would be of little use in modern warfare. It was originally designed as a depository of silver, when, in consequence of Spanish wars with maritime nations, it became imprudent to send it forward to the coast, which was continually ravaged by buccaneers. During the twelve years of Mexico's revolutionary struggle, beginning in 1810, this storehouse of Perote was crowded with treasure. At one time the accumulation of specie within it amounted to more than \$40,000,000, and weighed over 13,000 tons.

In this castle many of the uniucky generals have been incarecrated, whom revolutions and counter-revolutions have turned upon their backs, and from its gloomy portals not a few political offenders have gone forth to execution. From this place in 1828 Santa Anna issued his pronunciamento against Padraza, and here he was imprisoned by flincon, seventeen years later, after his capture at Xico. He was in confinement in this castle when banished from the country by decree of the Mexican courses, and to it he soon after returned in triumph when recalled to assume supreme control.

Within these famous walls the deposed A few rods north of the town stands the

Within these famous walls the depos Within these famous walls the deposed President Paredes was held a prisoner, when he had the pleasure of seeing his successor (who had himself twice languished here in durance vile) ride by in state to usurp the reins of government. Happily, overturned presidents—at hoc genus omni—are generally well treated in this chaotic country, each new ruler having a fellow feeling for others in adversity, not knowing how soon his own turn may come, since it is the common fate to be set up and knocked down like ten pins.

FANNIE B. WAID.

The play's the thing. Wherein I'll reach the conscience of the And a qually true is it that Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pelicis" (the original Little Liver Pills) are the most effectual means that can be used to reach the seat of disease, cleansing the bowels and system, and assisting nature in her recuperative work. By druggists.

Horibile Dictu! [New York World.]
President Cleveland proposes to close the white house doors to officeseeking bores ou and after the 1st of November. And there are still 100,000 Republicans in fat federal offices.

his MYRA'S WELL-A TALE OF ALLBer :
HALLOW-E'EN.
And how the mirror test was good, no doubt

BY OCCUPE PRANCIS DAWSON. It is the night of all nights of the year. When ghosts and warfseks had it this testible.

When ghosts and warlocks hattif the traible!
And disambodied apirits wist us—
spirits of good and evil from the dead.
Fresh from the angel hosts and from the
defined.
And from the wast profound between the twospirits from the user to describe the second out warspirits professions necessarys to those
Who in full faith the future would belief.

The clear-cut radiance of a frosty move Lights up, and darkens, all the growth around. The great trees stand out black against the stand out black against the stand out black against the stand of the wind in gusts bestirs the autumn leaves. Whese late Ostober time are lost in gloom, Or are grown pallid with their shivering. Where firth restlings are the only saineds which break the dead odd allone of the night. Yet list! Gaint cerie tones are sometimes beard—Which blanch the check and palsy all the limbs—

Like to the mouning of departed souls!

Within the farm-house is a large high rown Unceiled, but and ded thick with restars of the Grown black with ago or surves; around it walls walls
Stiff hams and bacon-flitches dimly seen;
And here and there the dimjuncertain form:
Of kitchen-ware and chairs and mozal margifrom the low windows, ingfavors the flow,
stretch bands of moonlight fleaked with shaddowed leaves
Which tremble till the moonlight seems to

Deside the fireplace stands some piled-up word.
But the great hearthstone opens cold and black;
Beneath the inner door, a chink of light
Seems but to made the dinness darker yet.
The only sound the lick-lackfot the clock,
Which serves to make the sleene audible.

High on the hill a lordly pile looks down tign on the full a fortly pale foots down from its proud eminence and grand domain tron the farm house in the vale below. It leads to first, turreted. It leans beneath the mountight o'er the trees Like some etherial castle in the skies, Limned in white ainbacter, gistening, grand, forcel, weird, not made by mortal hands, but sudden, as one's wrapt gaze takes it in, it turns to gray, then vanishes!

Yel, no!

'Tis but a sudden cloud athwart the moon Within the castle, in a sumptuous room, Sits young Sir Bertram Morven, all alone, He had been reading that sweet Persian tale Of him who knocked at the beloved one's

And cried: "Tis I, who loveth thee!" To whom She, answering, said; "Thou caust not enter free!" And how, a twelvemonth past, he knocked again.

And the beloved one asking: "Who art thou?" Replied: "It is thyself," and entered in. The dult fames at his feet leap fittilly, and lights and studyes sweep across his brow. Like thoughts of heaven and hell across the soul.

linck in Holt's farm-house what a change i The raftered room is filled with light and From blackened hearth the joyful flames leap and roar and crackle through the piled-up logs!
On either side the old Holts sit and smile!
Etwist them, circ'ed, sit the younger ones.
Who laugh and chat until the old man cries:
"Be silent, children! Let us not forget
The ancient usage of our family:
The feest of Sah'm has come! The sacred

fire— The Fire of Peaco—is kindled on the hearth ! All Hallowed One, whose warmth is like the Which giveth loy and comfort to us all.
He present with us in the coming storms.
He because us and keep us in the coming storms.
Whereat the others, joining in: "O' fhon.
And all Thy Saints, protect us all the year!"
While the finnes leap and crackle all the And roar a joyous answer to the prayer.

After a silence of a little space. When thoughts are busy with the by-gone when thoughts are busy with the by-gone days.
The farmer speaks again: "Good wife," says he, "We know the Past, with all its ills and joys, We need not rake its ashes of er again. The Present finds us hale and hearty yet, Blessed in our children and our steaffast love, He who would solve the Future in advance Halb yet to learn the lessons of counent. But feasing on contentment is poor fare, What say you to some bread and cheese and beer?
And, Ada, daughter, bring my long-stemmed plpe;

pipe; And, Hettic, niece, the apples and the nuts; And, John, my son, pile up more blazing logs A chilly tremer through my bones just ran, As if some enemy walked o'er my grave."

A shadowy form, shronded and hooded, bent With weight of years, and wickedness per-chance, Creeps slowly toward the glowing window-panes, And peers within. She sees the emptied mugs And pipes: the scattered bazel-husks, which tell

And pipes: the scattered hazel-missis, which tell A tale of love-divining; in their chairs the old folks dozing. John and Hettie sit Most strangely near together! On the floor Stands Ads, beauteous maden, all alone, Swaying most gracefully from side to side With uplift hand and circling apple rind. With hinding face and close-claspt hands, here eyes, Softened with yearning hope, are raised to where

where The moonlight strives to enter. What is it alls the terror-stricken maid She "saw a face glued to the window pane— A hideous face," she said, "which gibed, and

seemed
To mock, and threaten dire calamity—
And waving crutch, which beckened her outside!" Tush, tush! my girl," the 'wakened farmer cries;

Cries;

And but a faney. Ho, John, go outside.

And, but to satisty her, look around?'

John goes, and soon returns; he nas "well
searched
Yet searched in vain; no mortal is in sight.'

Fo, reasured, the old man's mug is filled;

His pipe re-lit; more wood piled on the life;

And, as he craves it, Ada sings a song;

ADA'S SONG. A noble knight 'mid lordly halls Dreams all his life away : A lowly maid in cottage walls. Hard-by the rippling waterfalls, Permits her heart to stray.

His image mirrored in her heart-Heaven help thee, lowly maid, So near and yet so far apart!— He tells his love. She dotn not start,

"A gruesome gulf 's between us spread". She cries—"Sir Knight, beware! Fate spans that gulf with mysic thread So frait that only souls may tread— Impalpable as air!"

"Like ancient Roe I'll wing my flight"-He whispers—"O, be mine! I'll wing thee to my eastle height And wed thee, sweet!" She answer

bright : "Then I, dear love, am thine !" The while she sang with more than human art— Her voice full-throbbing like a bird's—

And, at the last, her rounded arms, out stretched. Scemed to embrace the hero of her song.

While Ada sings, what happens at the hall? Sir Bertram still sits gazing at the fire, Seeing strange shares and ombered plantasies Come and depart and come ugain more strange, While his set gaze grows painful, and his mind. mind
Whirls with conflicting conscience and desire
For be bath seen the beauteous, levely maid—
And loved her from the moment that he saw—
Loved her, yet dared not wed, nor Whisper

And now he seems to see her in her home,
Her golden tresses rippling o'er her brow.
Her violet eyes, lit up with love's own light,
Turned full upon himself, O ravishment!
While her full-throated song cathralis his sonl,
''On love' he cries, "Sweet love, be mine indeed deed—
Thou pearl of beauty! goddess of my heart!
Her outstretched arms appear to welcome him!
He mises his, to clasp her to his breast—
When lo, the vision vanishes! and fond
The boarse tower-bell clangs out the hour of

He rises hastily and treads the floor.

"What was it Elpsic creaked as bome he rode That very evening"—Elpsic, that old hag! What devil had inspired her?—Hertram, lad, Ere cock crow this Al-Hallow-Hen I see Thy loved one swoon in thin e channed a rans? And then she laughed uncannily and strack lier crutch against the lightning-blasted ash, and numbled. 'My revenge is come at least! What could she mean? Impossible, to-night! Yet when hath Elpsic prophested in vain?' His heart beat fast, his blood begins to surge, His head to swim. "More air!" he cries: "more sit! A long brisk walk will shake these funcios off !"

Meanwhile, the seng grown silent at the farm: The egg-charm ended, and the moited-lead And apple-bobbing done with; now they sit; The old man snoring while the old dame nods nods—
The young ones telling stories of the Eve:
How Janet Smith last allthow Even did sec
O'er her left shoulder, after certain rites. Heaven: O Sainted Myra, purified through team

Of which this well bears witness night and her:
And how the mirror-test was good, no doubt:
And how the colewort's prophecies were sire;
And how the bemp-seed test was sure; still;
But lest of all, the image in the wait's.
Stries which croep, and breed a shallow laugh
Ferbance, with the and shaddering and fear—
Lutil a sharp goes shakes the wind-w-panes.
As in the grip of some strong shiv ring hand,
And, with a start, the old folks wate again!
"Good man," its long past ten?" the old dame
tries. And them, O Holy Mother, in whose heart
The erring finds a wide-souled sympathy
And needisto help-O help me now I gray!
It has been, to wish to know the TrathThat Truth which fond hearts find within this
year. Forgive the sin, and save me of thy grace!

Her pensive pose, her small claspi-hands, her Like position through in silvery air besirred. The Leanty of her angel force, her eyes. Lik with divine enterpeace the rath starts. Her trustful improves and farin, would mel A heart of stone to worship at her fast. With object return and timed fouch of the control of the con "Well, well, good wife, the hours creep on Thinding the time has come—she forward Locks down upon the glossy surface then—and 60 the foods, the startfed air resounds. With cleaning tell which strikes the hour of The "image in the well" What well; and (weive?)
Now, Holy Mary, spare that lovely maid!
What sees she there? At first the pool seem

where?
From farm and castle full a mile away.
Near to an ancient tree-a Draid oak.—
The old well stands—its waters deep and A cloud jurchance swift coursing o'er the Its mess-grown stones much worn by age and Its missegrown stones much worn by age and the season knows from the good King Arthur and his chosen knights before the right, and lifted womanized by force of arms to heights almost diving—A recreant knight hetrayed a gentle mid. And sile, achained to let the thing be known, fled from her home, into the forces with. And grieved and wept her very seaf away, and when she died—the tale is often told and all the reciple there believe it frac—From the hard earth, beside her, gridhed a spring. And, only dimly visible, a snaen! But, as she looks the shape grows clearer, till she as the image of sir Bettern's law! "O bettern's dear ell Buttern's tool his thanked. Sherren will be lord of me! Sherres, that Bertram will be lord of me! And then she sees two faces in the well! Bertoen, and his! An arm steals 'round her walt! Startled, she turns, and swoons in Bertram's

here
Prightened by sudden seeing of a face
That looked the love it owns!"—
O holy Saints!
O shame! what have I done" poor Ada cries
"It all comes back with harrowing circum

stance,
Alss! to curse my mem'ry: woe is me !"
And here broke down with sudden storm

Sir Bertram saw sweet Adasafely home. And, as he left her, from the pear-by we

He saw a light: 'twas Elpsie's ant in dames

Peside the well now stands a cosy to Igo Sir Bertram built for Elpsie, and the but, Which heard their yows that night, exists

And often in the after-days they came: Sir Berram and his Lady with their sons And daughters—and the Holts at times, v

And often lingered by poor Myra's Weil.

Nervous Debilitated Men,

They were disputing foundly in a saloon, and a bald-headed crator was distinguishing himself by the quantity and bal quality of the expletives he poared forth. In the midst of the din a fellow from Uvalde stepped in, and, ordering a drink, listened quietly for some time to the disputations hald-head.

id-head.

Stranger," sald the new comer, at last dressing the individual; "stranger, there's e thing you lack."

Els? What's that?" asked the bald-

nead.
"Hair!" replied the other, as he quietly ordered the barkeeper to give him a little of

Cleveland-Hitt.

New York Hernid.]
The fact is patent to everybody, and to none more than to the Democratic managers, that President Cleveland does not look

gers, that President Cleveland does not look
with faver upon the nomination for governor which his party have unwisely forced
upon the people. On the contrary, it is no
secret that be is very much discattated with
it. It is a Tammany nomination, and the
courageous stand which President Cleve
land has always maintained against Tammany is well known.

Mercury and Potash

Are dangerous even when administered by directions and under the eye of a good physician,
and when put up in nostrims, often by incompetent persons, are apt to produce evil consequences. Be careful of these poisonous mixtitres, or you may regret it. Swift's Specific is
not only preferable to these dangerous compounds in the treatment of blood and skin discases, but climinates the poison of mercury and
potash from the system by toning up the organlam and forcing out the poison through the
nores of the skin.

Treatise on blood and Skin Diseases mailed
free.

The Swift Specific Co.

ce. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., and 157 W. 25d street

the same.'

He Lacked One Thing.

Sir Bertraua built a chapel on its site; And thence, that coining Christmas, took his

From the dark star of the force she shed—
Yed, as they say, by all the tears she shed—
Which, on a day when Arthur passed that way,
And heard the story sad, he hade be walled
With his soury. "As monument," he said.
"To teach all coming time that Mother Earth
Hath more of hears and faith than recream He holds her close to his improduced broast Kinsing boy hair and eyes and cheeks and Klasing hier hair and eyes and cheeks me thought the heating of her fluttering beart. Then reals the heating of her fluttering beart And prays her to come back to tife and him. He chalco her small white hands and damiy limbs.

And, from the well, drops water on her brow But all in vain—so cold and still she hes.
Like living beauty sudden smit with death! And named it "Myra's Well"—and passed

along.
And bler, when the false knight rotellat way. He was beset, dismounted, beaten, siripped, and sorely wounded in a fray, and crawled To Myra's Well-wolk knowing of the tale-And kneeled to stake his thirst, and bending low.

Saw her reproachful face, and sceing, died! "Fool that I was!" the anxious lover cries—
"I have worked harm indeed by coming fier
Thus oft we hurt the one we love most dear
And learn too late the folly of an hour!
He titls her gently in his loving arms.
And I cars her castly to Elpsie's hut—
No Eigste there—the door wide open stands!
And lays her on the couch, renews the fire,
And on his benided knoe by Ada's side
Rogards her sadly and adoringly. Scarcely a bow-shot from poor Myra's Well, Sheltered and hid by woods and undergrowth A low hut beans against gray-lictened rocks-old Erasis's home—beatmened by humankind-of which strange stories had been gossiped home. Soon be perceives a tremor o'er her steal, swift fulfering of her breath, a sudden gasp, A deep-drawn sigh, and then her eyes unler violet eyes so tender and so true. Yet with a far-off-look between the lidx—And musical her low voice semula again: "My Bertram, mine, methought I had a dream. And in that dream loot thee—thon, my life! And yet through all that dream, another dream. In which thou madest me all thine own—thy wife—

or which strange stories had been gossiped found;
How fifty years ago, on Hallow-E-en,
At midulght, in a storm, a wayward youth,
Losing his way had stumbled on the hut
And found it tenanted, and peopling in,
Beheld a sad-eyed matden all alone
Reclining on a couch hard by the first
How he had prayed admittance from the storm;
How pity beat the wall of printence down;
And how be took advantage of her state.
And how she cursed him in her crary shame
And prayed God blast all issue of his loins
Until the wrong should be atoned in kind;
And how, as years ran by, though rarely seets,
The sad-eyed mald because a withered hag.
And practiced witcheraft and foul soreery,
But whence she came, or whe she was, or why
knew.

Long for sure, that Former Holl had once. In which thou madest me all thine own—thy wife—
And rained soft kisses on my lips and brow, And guarded me like Christ and all His Saints, And held me safely to tay noble breast. Through all of good or ill—
But thou art pale!
And on thy face swift abadows come and go! Come, kiss me love! The night is cold, not thou!
For warm thy brown check is, as flesh and blood!
And now I feel thy sweet breath on my brow! And then—half startled by the sudden doubt—"Where am I, Bettram 7.
"Here upon my heart,
Thou best-beloved, secure and safe with him Who is thyself from henceforth and for aye, whether for good or ill—but surely geod!
Here in old Elpsto's hut, near by the well, At which I found thee, and didst bring thee biere.

apore.

The sacred fire doin need replenishment—
And we grow older, feetiler, with the years
And seen, must leave to younger, strop

knew as called Elpsie, none could say?

Alone, for sure, that Farmer Holt had once,
Near to the graveyard, in the dead of night,
seen by the moonlight, riding on a broom—
Straight from the eastle to the hut beyond—
A form and face like Elpsie's, in the air—
Scattering on all sides curses as she flew!
And people fearful were of meeting her,
And even feared to pass by Myra's Well,

From the low thatch of Elpsie's but upcurls From the low thatch of Elpsic's but upcuris A smoke-wraith, duing seen; beneath the caves liack shadows ful, save where a yellow gleam, bull and uncertain, from a crevice pours. Low-pendant from a crane, within the hut, A great black pot as simmering o'er a fire, Wlose fickering light bewraya couch, a shool, And, crouching by the fire, the tattered form. The instied bair, the parchinent-writished skin, Of Elpsic—elbowing her knees, her Jowi Supported like a wedge between her patma—Crouching and swaying feebly back and forth—lier gree intent upon the shifting seam Or on the greenish waper it exudes—The while her cracked voice crooms uncannily:

ELPSIE'S CROON. In the Halls of the Morvens the race-curse shall When the Great Mountain heaves and comes down to the vale. And the last of his race the Sin shall bewall.

Black toad's liver, Green anake's slime, Hand sliver. White-tipt tail of coal-black cat, Rotted wing of vampire bat. Were-wolf's tooth, and claw of rat, Simmer! slimmer!

For the curse of the Morveus shall uterly die When a Raven, at miduight, by moonlight, hard-by, With the weight of a Forest shall easily fly. Maiden's fears and
Soitor's moans,
Dead girl's tears and
Warlock's groans.
Spirits' dust from witches' broom.
Irop of froth from maidman's spurne,
Ivy leaf from erack of doom,
Simmer! simmer! simmer!

When the Tempter is weak beside Goodness And the Wrong is atoned in the very same Then shall Happiness fall upon Morven's dark How comes Sir Bertram here at such a time?

How comes Sir Bertram here at such a time?
And has his walk dispelled his phantasies?
Through the crisp night air faintly beoms a
"bell!"
The from the castle. There is Myra's well!
Eleven o'clock—and still a mile from home!
And there is Eijste's hut. What did she
mean?
And as he notes the dull outpouring light
The crany grows more bright, and larger
seems!

"What could that mean? A moment more
would tell."
And then he hears the warlock's prophecy!
He peers within and sees, or seems to see.
A sweet and sad-eyed malden all slone.
Reclining on a couch hard-by the fire!
He rube his eyes, as dreaming, looks again—
And sees an empty couch, duil flexering
flames.
And toothiess Elpste rocking to and fro!
Then he remembers, with a start, that once—
O, long ago!—be knows not when nor where—
He had a dream, distinct and plain as this,
in which he saw this self-same sad-eyed mand
Upon the couch—and then the toothless hag!
And after that, beside a moss-grown well—
Could that be Myra's?—kneeling on the cirb,
Her globe hair half-silvered by the moon,
And violet eyes it up by love divine,
His Ada—his! And then there came a mist
Which blotted from his mean 'y all the rest.
"Ten thousand limping devils! Could it be
The well had magic power?—That Sire had
hear?

That SHE this night would test it?" Thus
thought he; bride. His levely Adn, to her Castle-Home-The home of Morven the "Great Mountain," Had gone "down to the vale" to meet his of Bertram, the "bright raven" who, with case,
"By mobilight," in "mid-watches of the Hight," High Ada's form -- a full-sized Holt—And "Holt" means "Forest" in our Say tongue. tongue. And when old Elesie died, she left a will Which told the wrong that Bertram's grandsire did

To ber, the grand-aunt of his winsome brideAnd left her dying blessing on the twath.
And she was buried in the chapel vault,
And prayers were said to saye her sout from
heli:

heard?
That SHE this night would test it?' Thus thought he;
''And then Old Eipsie's words—ne'er known to By all the Saints and Souls I'll wait and see !"

From out the rear-door of the Farmer's house— The old folks long since gone, and last asleop-Goes pretty Hettie. Once before this Eve She went a short space hand-in-band with John, Both blindfold, to pull kall; but now along: Under her arm a bag half full of seed— Hemp-seed—the which at midnight she must sow.

And, looking back, will see the reaper come— Gathering the growing crop—ber future spouse! Scarce is she hid from view, when after her, steps forth sty John, a siekle in his hand! Then, from the front, steals Ada, trembling one—
Half startled at the shadows on the lawn—
And takes the bridle path t'ward Myra's well!
The wind sighs softly through the falling

leaves.

And she sighs half responsively. The bark
Of distant hound sounds strangely near! The of far-off cattle seems like near-by groan.
And sends strange shudders through her burrying frame;
The rustle of the leaves, or snapping twig.
Makes her heart beat more quickly than a
clock!
An hundred times before she sees the well

An hundred times before she sees the well she clasps her resery and says a prayer And wishes she were home again once more—Yet hurries all the faster on her way! And once a frightened hare dashed swift across her ghostly path, and shook with terror all her concely limbe! And once she saw two eyes—Two piereing eyes that sparkled, 'neath a bush. And made her girldy till she signed the cross—And saw a great black cat filt fast away! Strange shapes on either hand she seemed to see Which gibed and waved long shadowy arms, and shook

Long threat'ning fingers at her! Once she long intent ame integral at her 'Once she hought she saw, betwirt a tree-top and the moon. A witches form with Elpsio's face, and heard. Or thought she heard, harsh maledictions fall' and once she slipt, and nearly fell with fright. Upon a slimy, moving thing, that crawled! And thrice she heard the dreaded were-woll's how! how!!
And thrice a flame-cyed snake did biss at her.
And thrice she heard the hooting of an ow!!
Helow, above, on all sides, sharp boset
With horrid shapes and phantasics and threats,
Which grew more numerous and portentons
at!!

As she came nearer to the sacred well, Until her limbs could searcely bost her form and all her Faith seemed vanishing in fear, And courage almost failed expectancy. At last, thank God, the sacred well in sight, she kneels some minutes more, to tell he

beads And gather breath and strength and that re-And gather oreati and acteography of the configuration of purpose needed for The coming test. Then rising, looking not To right or left, she comes unto the well—An open space near by the sacrod oak—And kneeling at the curb, with cyes uplift, she added to her other prayers these words: "O Sainted Myra, sanctifled by death And sorrows such as moved both Earth and Heaven."

HYPERASTHESIA. A Novel, By Myny CRIVER, 40 pp. Cloth, \$L. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert Washington: Brentano Bros. Certainly it is a curious and interesting blea that Miss Cruger advances in this story-which might be called "supersensi-tiveness"-although it is based on the ancient and simple notion of counter-irritation. To induce a nervous and suffering child to stop fretting by means of attract ing its attention to something else than itconseries, but the way in which Miss Cruper sets out with the difficulty, that all of her characters with whom the reader finds him-self in sympathy are in some way the sub-jects of over-sensitive susceptibilities (either of body or mind, or what for lack of a better word might be called morale), and the mode in which she offsets the needs of each

word might be called morale), and the mode in which she offsets the needs of each by some corresponding element that the others have the wit or the luck to supply, and thus brings about at last the blissful hygiene of happiness, is very apt, and shows a keen knowledge of human nature—perhaps especially of wormun nature.

The complications of the plot, and its blind mysteries, are very ingeniously worked out; and the linale of the ghost scane shows one of the few touches of humor in the book, though its beginning is except enough, the humor in the book, though its beginning is except enough, without the vulgarisms so common in novels of these rattling days of slang, but agreeable and refused in tone. The characters are not of the luckbayed stripe, but individuals of novel and attractive ways, and positive dens, while the involutions and entanglements of their summer hotel life are absorbingly interesting to the spectator, and the final impression of the whole is like that of a vivid experience out of real life.

BEYANT AND HIS FRIENDS; SOME REMIN-

DRYANT AND HIS PRIENDS: SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE KNICKERBOUTER WRITTERS. By JAMES GEAST WILSON. II butisted with seel postraits of Bryant. Faulding and Halleck, and manuscript for emilies of Bryant. Irving. Dean. Drake. Wills. Pop. Beyard Taylor. John Howard. Foyne, George P. Morris, and Alfred B. Stret. 441 pp. 16mo. Cloth, beveled boards, gilt tep. \$2. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Washington: Bretano Bros.

The above enumeration is but suggestive.

of the materials of interest gathered into this particularly handsome and bookly little volume of Gen. Wilson's. The author has given full biographical notes of the chief writers who, in beginning the caree of letters in what was known as the New York-that is, about the first fifty years of this century—were ploneers of American literature at large. William Cul-American literature at large. William Cullen Bryant is taken as the center around which the others are grouped, because he was among the very earliest, and became and remained the most eminent of the brilliant circle. The more complete sketches are of Bryant, Paulding, Irving, Dana, Cooper, Halleck, Drake, Willis, Poe, and Bayard Taylor (who is one of the prominent figures of the latter portion of the time covered; and then follows a chapter, cutified "The Knickerbocker Literature," which, after paying its respects to those already treated of, proceeds to give brief notices of about a score of others of note, but of lesser importance, such as: Woodworth, Pierpont, Verplanck, Dr. Fraucis, Payne, Leggett, George P. Morris, Hoffman, Cozzens, and so cu.

And here broke down with sudden storm of tears—

Of tears and sighs!

"Nay, nay, dear heart"—be chides. And clasps her close—"The church men hold it true

That all which rightly ends is justified.
I always loved thee, sweet, from the first day—
But dared not wed—nor eyen woo a bride. A curse is on our house. When yet a entid Old Eipste told me how ancestral sin

Hed brought it down from father unto son. And thence to me. My grandsire digd, unshiven.

By his own hand, 'tis said, beside this well,' and all his children died quite suddenly By deaths almost as strange, and Latone Am left—the last one of the time! Dare! Bring misery and death to her! love—

As I love thee?

"Thou lovest me. Sir Knight.
A lowly madden, in a forest lone?
Ah! honest love would make no chaffer thus! Thou himtest what thy proud lips lare soft say—
Eallying like wantes, bee about a llower?

Hath honer fied from man."

"Nay, nay, miles own—

Banish distrust and four! The hand of fite Is near meeting—none, saye site, to blane. There too many points of interest in such a volume to be pointed out, or even ade-quitely suggested. Gen. Wilson has made a delightful addition to the stores of literary and personal history, and in all mechanical accessories of make up the book is notable for good teste and beauty.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION. Ught sermous discussing the bearings of the evolutionary philosophy on the fundamental doctrines of evangelical religion. By Havay Warn Pulculus, Svo pamphiet, Price, hi cents, New York; Fords, Howard & Hullert, Washington Breatano Brea.

Whatever may be the prevalent idea as to Mr. Beecher's being a "theologian," it is

evident that he has some very positive and consistent beliefs which serve him as an efficient working basis for his preaching. Mr. Beecher is said by many to be "loose and "creatic," and "daugerous in doctrine," simply because his nature and his life place him in a conspicuous position where what-ever be says is heard and commented on,

Banish distrust and tour? The hand of fitte Is in our insecting—none, avec she, to olizing. There is a moment in each beling silice On which that beling a destiny doth hang—A mement fatchi and all-pivosh; come is for both of us that momont now ha come! Around the head of God a minabus floats—The the divine ethilatence of His Truth. I—And all His Saints do borrow of that Highl: And even men do share its guilding beams, it ask thy hand in wedlock, lovely maid. If thou will brave the curse with me.

"The curse!

Ten thousand curses would I risk with thee As thy lend wife! To such a knight as thou My Bertram—my true knight—no ill shall fall, But, should it come, then let it fallen may yet Heaven is kind, and Mary merelful—o Holy one, most merelful to me."

Six Bertram way we see A als after home. ever he says is heard and commented on, and because his preaching is so vigorous and unique in style that his ideas strike men as new in fact when they are merely new in form. He is known the country over as being a believer in the evolutionary philosophy, and has been widely discredited by many religious papers and men on that account, while there is no similar disposition to criticise men like Dr. McCosh, of Princeton; Prof. Dana, of Yale; Prof. Gray, of Harvard, and in England, the Duke of Argyle, the bishop of London, and others, who accept the new view and teach it, but for various reasons are not in so marked a

for various reasons are not in so marked a way held to account for it.

The whole series of sermons is rather of a fundamental and theoretic than of a practical and specific character. Nevertheless, this series, complete in itself, is crowded with practical, suggestive, helpful, hopeful thoughts. The British Quarterly Review, in a burst of enthusiasm over a volume of Mr. Beecher's sermons, once spoke of him as "Perhaps the greatest of living preachers—a man whose heart is as warn and catholic as his abilities are great, and whose sermons combine fidelity and scriptural truth great power, glorious imagination, fervid rhetoric, and vigorous reasoning, with intense human sympathy and roing, with intense human sympathy and ro-bust common sense."

TWO BEOKEN HEARTS G. P. Painam's Sons, New York and London, A mournful theme treated in a somewhat somber style. The hero and heroine are both accorded a few years of pleasura-ble indulgence in love-making, but the one baying soon loved his wife and the other her accepted lover, the later years of life her accepted lover, the later years of life are clouded with those memories of the past. Indeed, they go so far in their excessive grief as to imagine that no other love sacred enough to lead up to marriage can be felt by them again. Too late, they discover their mistake, and the story, contrary to the usual run of such affairs, ends in death and not in marriage. Nervous Debilitated Men,
You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of
the use of Dr. Dye's celebrated Voltaic Beit,
with electric auspensory appliances for the
speedy relief and permanent cure of norvous
debliny, loss of vitality and manhood, and all
kindred troubles; also for namy other diseases.
Complete restoration to bealth, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Blustratted pambletes, with full information, terms,
&c., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt
Company, Marshall, Mich.

of in marriage.

If the book falls to fascinate the many on If the book falls to fascinate the many on account of the sad monotone of the narrative, it will nevertheless find a class of readers who may profit by the lesson taught, that men and women in this life may naturally and properly love a second time, and that to deny this truth and act contrary to both right and facilitation may be an injustice to ourselves and others.

The present state of the stage, through at our country, is, generally, deplorable. Nonsense usurps it. The plays presented are utterly contemptible. Wit, there is none; nature, there is none; sense, there is ione. The lowest performance of a circus

none; nature, there is none; sense, there is none. The, lowest performance of a circus equals, or surpasses, the theater. Mookey tricks, practical lokes, which no one can largh at, no one but a child or an idiot enjoy, it dares offer to an andience of this century. Not satisfied with simple nonsense, it descends lower to indecency. It produces such language and such seenes as no lady, no gentleman, should hear and see. Altogether forgotten is the fact that vulgarity is not necessary to fun, and that, save in the minds of foots, sense is preferable to houseuse.

Scenic effect is now considered of utmost importance. The carpenter and the painter make the success of the drama, though I must not forget the dressmaker. "He had been a degree thereof—must feel his intellect, his refinement, even his "common sense," outraged by such representations as are now offered him. And the lady by his side, wife or daughter, what are her sentiments." Let me answer, for I have heard both express them. They find no pleasure in this—they find only insult.

The theaters now existing are few that would dare inscribe over the arch of their stage a dedication like that which I saw nightly it my youth surmounting one even here in Washington:

To useful mirth and salutary wee.

To meful mirth and salutary woo.

Genuine English, Devonshire Kersey overcoats in light and dark colors, resistable in wear and most dressy. Elseman Bros., corner Sev-enth and

The November Century.

THE CENTURY, with the October number, closed its fifteenth year. and the most successful in its history. The remarkable interest in the War Papers and the many timely articles and strong serial features that have appeared during the past year in THE CENTURY have given it a regular circulation of Over Two HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES MONTHLY.

The November number, beginning a new volume, contains:

"Chattanooga," by Gen. Grant,

the third of Gen. Grant's contributions to the War Papers, clearly describing the Chatta-toega campaign, and with much of personal interest. Three Short Stories,

By PEANE P. STOCKTON, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND HELEN JACKSON (H. H.)

Mr. Stockion's is entitled "A Story of Seven Devils"; Mrs. Foote's story, "A Cloud at the Meuntain," is accompanied by a full-page picture by the artist-author; Mrs. Jack-ch's story is called "The Mystery of Withelm Ruiter." Three Richly Illustrated Articles.

"A I hategrapher's Visit to Petra," with eighteen interesting pictures of the historic stone (ity: "1) paral Degs—Satters," by various experts, with seven illustrations; "Laving English Sculpters," by Edmund Gosse, with eight pictures.

Two Important Essays. "Panger Alcad." atlanety discussion of Socialism and the Labor problem, by Lyman Atlant (with a full-page picture, "The Socialist"); and "The United Churches of the United States," by Prof. Shields, of Princeton, introducing a series of papers on church unity by representatives of various denominations.

A Novel by Mary Hallock Foote. "John Pedawin's Testimony," a stary of mining life (like the author's "Led-Horse Claim"), begins in this issue and will continue through six or eight numbers.

Other contents include: a short paper by Edward Everett Hale, on Chautauqua; an editorial on "The Outlook for Civil Service lieform"; Open Letters on a number of timely subjects; Forms by Helen Jackson (H. H.), Edith M. Thomas, Emma Lazarus, and others; in Eric-a-Brac, a cartoon by Kemble, with several poems in light vein.

Some of the features of The Century for 1885-6, Not begun in this number, are as follows:

Novels by W. D. Howells and George W. Cable.

Mr. Howells's story, which introduces some of the characters in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," treats of a simple-souled country youth, who comes to Boston with a trashy porm he has written and with no other visible means of support. Mr. Cable's noveletic, "Grande Pointe," is located among the Acadians of Louisians.

The War Papers

Will be continued until the chief events of the War for the Union have been described. During the past year valuable contributions to future history, and at the same time interesting personal papers by Generals Grant, McClellan, Beauregard, Longstreet, Jos. E. Jechnston, and others, have appeared in Tag Cantury. In early numbers will appear, "Preparing for the Wilderness Campaign," by General U. S. Grant; "The Monitors," by Captain John Ericsson; "The Battle of Shiloh," by General D. C. Buell; "The Battle of Antietam," by General McClellan; "The Second Bull Run Campaign," by Generals Pope, Fitz John Porter, Longstreet, and others. Contributors to follow include Generals Henry J. Hunt, Wade Hampton, J. B. Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, O. O. Howard, Alfred Pleasanton, Q. A. Gilmore. "The Recollections of a Private" will be continued at intervals, and there will be special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character.

Naval Engagements.

Graphic papers will be printed on the Alabama-Kearsarge Fight, by the executive efficer of the Alabama, and the surgeon of the Kearsarge, and by one of the crew of the Alabama. Also papers on the destruction of the Albamarie, and of operatons in Mobile Pay, Charleston Rarbor, the Mississippi River, and at Fort Fisher. Short Stories

Will appear by Frank R. Steckton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Joel Chandler Harris' 11, H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, R. M. Johnston, and others,

Cable on Creole Slave-Songs and Song-Dances. Mr. Cable will contribute a series, illustrated by D. W. Kemble, on the songs of the

A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome.

Mrs. Edizabeth Penuell, the writer, and Mr. Joseph Pennell, the artist, will describe by word and pleture a trievele pilgrimage among the quaint old towns of Italy.

Papers on Persia, The customs, government, scenery, arts, etc.; by Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. Minister to Persia; with illustrations from drawings and photographs.

Historical and Astronomical Papers.

Edward Eggleston on the American colonies: Dr. B. E. Martin on "Old Chelsea," describing the haunts of Queen Bess, Carlyle, and others. Popular and practical papers on "Sidereal Astronomy," by Prof. Holden. All profusely illustrated. Manual Education.

treated by Colonel Archmuty, founder of the trade schools in New York, the Rev. Dr. Weshington Gladden, Fresident Gliman of Johns Hopkins, and others.

It is impossible to give here anything more than a glimpae of the leading subjects. The magazine will make a feature, as it always has done, of timeliness in its articles, and this fact precludes the announcements of what often prove The Century's strongest points. Due regard will be paid to variety in all general features; no special subject being allowed to menopolize attention. The illustrations will be the best that American artists and engravers (the latter are not equaled in any country) can produce.

Special Terms on Back Numbers.

Regular price \$4.00 a year, but in order that new readers may have the War Papers complete, we will send the twelve back numbers from Nov. 1884, to Oct. 1885, inclusive, with a year's subscription beginning with November, 1885, for \$0.00 (back numbers only \$2.00 by this plan), or we will send the twelve back numbers bound in cloth, in two handsome volumes, with a year's subscription from November, 1885, for \$7.50. Back numbers and volumes cannot be supplied at these prices except with subscriptions.

The Castery is an illustrated monthly magazine, appearing on the first day of each month. Price, 35 cents a number, or \$4.00 a year, in advance. Booksellers, newdealers, and postmasters take subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers. All Special Offers filled by dealers at publishers' prices.

THE CENTURY CO., 33 EAST 17TH ST., NEW YORK,

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW BOOKS!

NOW READY.

History of Christian Docrine. By Sheldon.

As We Went Marching On. By Honnier.

History of the United States. By Higginson,

fust received-A Large Assortment of Stationery and Blank Books.

WM. H. MORRISON.

475 PENNA. AVE.

BLANK BOOKS.

E. Morrison's

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

805 and 807 D Street Northwest.

THE CRANDALL TYPE WRITER - THE

FAMILY SUPPLIES.

Minneola,

· Gilt Edge, or

FLOUR.

And you will always have Beautiful Bread, Kells and Biscuits.

Wholesale Depot, corner First street and Indiana

WM. M. GALT & CO.

Golden Hill

Red Cedar Carpet Lining.

75 Shades Colored Tissue Paper.

HOWELL, from 49, Pacific Buildi

Sterling,

MacArthur's Patent Cases, Vol. I. Browne on Trademarks, 2d edition Boon on Code Pleading, Steward on Husband and Wife,

The Last Meeting. By Matthews.

NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

"IN DANGEROUS PATHS"

"CLARIBEL,"

are the filles of two deeply interesting stocks in commenced in Part 55 (Describer, 1985) of the NEW MONTHLY DOUBLE JOURNAL. "SOMETHING TO READ." Part 55 December, 1885, now ready, consists of 120 LARGE PAGES OF NEW AND ORIGINAL STORIUS, with 30 HANDSOME LILEVELA-TIONS and a BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURE, forming the REST and CHEAPEST magnaine ever published.

unbished:
There are five Long and Complete Stories; several short stories for the Young, also Fashi so, Guids or Home Comforts, &c., &c.
Thies, 25 cents per copy. For sale by all news THE WASHINGTON NEWS CO., Washington, D. C.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., General Agents, 20 and 31 Beckman street, New York. Visiting Cards & Invitations

ENGRAVED IN BEST STYLE.

The Best as well as the Cheapest Stationery, Tablets, Calling Books, Pocketbooks, &c.

WM. BALLANTYNE & SON'S. 428 SEVENTH STREET N. W.

MME, ZADOC PORTER'S CURATIVE COUGH BALSAM Use Ceres,



FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING GOUGH ASTUMA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. A Purely Vegetable Expectorant: not a violent mody, and very agreeable to the taxes. DR. ZADOC PORTER'S

MEDICATED STOMACH BITTERS

DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, ALL BILL-OUS AND NERVOUS APPETITES, and AS A OENERAL CORRECTOR OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS,

PHICE 25 AND 50 CENTS A BOTTLE. VIGOR FOR MENT QUICE, SURE, SAFE book free, CIVIALE AGENCY, 100 Fulton N ERVOUS DESILITY; QUICK, PERMANENT Cure. Book free. CIVIALE AGENCY, 160 Fullon st., New York

Е. веновови. LIVERY AND SALE STABLES, Coupes and Carriages of all styles.

Drivers in first-class livery.

Nos. 418 AND 420 EIGHTH STREET N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Telephone Call, 1100-2.